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Bryan opposes a third presidential term, but not a third nomination for it, of course.

In Little Rock, Ark., a man was fined in \$25 in the police court recently for selling coffee on Sunday. Ice-cream next.

A government food expert says that good pie is bad, and bad pie worse. We will have to be shown a diagram of the effects before we cut out pie.

Here is a case where divorce was a failure. An Erie, Pa., couple who had been legally separated for 24 years re-entered into connubial joys one day last week.

The advance in meat probably means that the Meat Trust has called upon the people for the funds to pay the numerous fines assessed against it recently in the courts.

We don't believe Rev. Dr. Long feels half as bad as he lets on over President Roosevelt's criticisms of his nature stories, since it is very probable that the controversy will add considerably to the sale of Dr. Long's books.

Our new court house will not be built on the method adopted by those who have charge of the new supreme court building at Jefferson City, where the original appropriation of \$200,000 didn't do much more than lay the foundation.

Under a new law passed in Missouri insurance company presidents in the state are prohibited from drawing more than \$50,000 a year salary. No doubt this law will cause much hardship and suffering among insurance company presidents.

Harriman is said to cherish the ambition of running Roosevelt out of public life. With all the Roosevelt quieted the Harrimans could hold high carnival in elevated finance. However the people are going to have something to say as to who is to be retired.

Jesse R. Grant, son of General U. S. Grant, has announced his intention of being a candidate for the Democratic nomination for President next year. One of the first things the people will want to know is what a son of General Grant is doing in the Democratic party.

Either Harry Orchard is the biggest liar on earth or the head men of the Western Federation of Miners are fit subjects for Jack Ketch. Yet there are too many events in the background to bolster up Orchard's testimony to make it evident that his story is a tissue of lies.

Mr. Gardener Lathrop of Chicago, who made the principal address to the graduating class at the Missouri State University last week, must hold a brief from the railroads, since he earnestly urged that the agitation against railroads should cease. We had no idea the students there had any particular concern in the woes of the railroads. But perhaps Mr. Lathrop was only earning his money.

Two-Cent Fares.

The march of the cheaper railroad fare goes on. In a short time the actual test will come for Missouri, and the action of the Illinois Senate yesterday points rather definitely to a similar regulation in what is unhappily known as the Sucker State.

It is our opinion that two-cent fares are on the way, and that they will come to stay. If it is proved by the railroads that the new laws are confiscatory, there will be nothing left for the courts and Legislatures to do but offer relief. It is fair to assume, however, that a railroad that has long carried its through first class traffic at a figure approximating two cents, and in some cases for less, will be glad enough to have the two-cent figure legalized. Local travel will undoubtedly increase and empty cars will become well-

filled cars. A locomotive that now pulls 50 persons will, without increase of power, pull 100, meaning greater profits for the companies.

Until the railroads prove to the courts that they are losing money at the two-cent rate we shall be slow to support an abrogation of the legislation that is now becoming law in several of our important Commonwealths.—St. Louis Times.

Regulation of Railroads.

The assumption that the people have determined to make the operation of railroads a subject of government regulation points to the conclusion that sooner or later that power must be vested exclusively in the Federal government. The necessities of the case will demand it, as surely as they now demand that the Federal government shall have exclusive control of the postal service. It is utterly impracticable to have State regulation of State railroads and Federal regulation of interstate roads. Under such a system there will be as many different kinds of regulation as there are states, with consequent confusion that must greatly hamper railroad operation and development, and subject the public to inconvenience unbearable. True, the States might finally adopt uniform regulation, but that would be difficult to accomplish and maintain, and, at best, would be practically the same thing as Federal regulation.

There was a time when each and every short line of railroad was operated under separate management, and passengers were compelled to change cars at every terminal point. It is not a long time since a passenger from Washington to Wilmington, N. C., changed cars and conductors at Richmond, at Petersburg, and again at Weldon. Now he may go through without changing at all. The various connecting lines in all parts of the country have been merged into systems, and the passenger travels from State to State without knowing when he crosses the border line. Government regulation must conform to this condition. There are now very few State roads. Most of the railroads are interstate lines, and it is a business absurdity to have a different set of regulations and different rates in every State through which they pass. Such a system is contrary to our policy, long established, of free commerce between the States and interferes with free commerce.

The Times Dispatch is very jealous of the rights of the states, and resents any and every unwarranted encroachment by the centralized government. We believe it to be essential to the life of the republic that the principle of States' rights and local self-government be preserved, and that the States continue to do for themselves what they can best do for themselves. But, after all, we are a nation, and the national government has its functions. One of these is the regulation of interstate commerce, and all signs point to the conclusion that the people of the nation will finally decide that it is best for their interests and for all interests that the complete control of transportation be vested in the government at Washington. It seems to us inevitable.—Richmond (Va.) Times Dispatch (Dem.)

Fine Discrimination.

The most popular man in a Nevada town got into difficulty with a disreputable tough—for a long time the terror of the place—and proceeded to "do him up" in a manner entirely satisfactory to the community at large. It becoming necessary, however, to vindicate the majesty of the law, the offender was brought up for trial on the charge of assault with intent to kill. When the jury had been out about three minutes they returned.

"Well, gentlemen of the jury," asked the Judge in a familiar, off-hand way, "what have you to say?"

"If it please the court," responded the foreman, "we, the jury, find that the prisoner is not guilty of strikin' with intent to kill, but simply to paralyze; an' he done it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

GRAND PICNIC

The 131st Anniversary of the Nation's Independence will be celebrated in Woods' Park.

BELGRADE,

under the auspices of Modern Brotherhood Lodge, No. 1707, on the

Fourth of July.

Patriotic Music. Orations by Noted Speakers. Amusements. Sports—sack race, wheel-barrow race, slow-mule race, egg and potatoe race for girls. Liberal prizes.

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Come, bring your family for a day of patriotic pleasure. Room for all and everybody is invited.

Circumstantial Evidence.

Chick Bruce was a famous Adirondack guide, who accompanied former President Cleveland on one or two of his hunting trips to those mountains.

Chick left Mr. Cleveland sitting on a log one morning while he went out to drive down a deer should he chance to find one.

When he came back he saw his distinguished employer still sitting on the log, but with the muzzle of his gun pointed directly at the presidential chest.

"Here!" shouted Chick, "quit that, dad gawd ye! Supposin' that gun had gone off and you had killed yourself, what would have happened to me? Darn ye, everybody knows I'm a Republican!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Still water runs into jugs. Some men talk too loud and all women talk too much.

Many a grafter has built his fortune on a steal foundation.

Some men attempt to do a main-tent stunt on a side-show ability. Only a silent man is able to realize the folly of talking too much.

Most men would rather lose \$10 on a horse race than pay a \$1.98 gas bill.

When we are forced to grin and bear it we find it easier to bear than to grin.

A man thinks he's just as good as anybody when he goes to church in the rain.

Faith is something that enables a man to close his eyes to his own faults and imagine his neighbor can't see them.—Chicago News.

Teaching the Horse to Face Death.

Cavalry chargers vary from fifteen to sixteen hands in height, and sharp rules have been laid down about their shape, action and treatment. There are regular schools where the raw four-legged recruit is trained, and his education embraces the fearless swimming of deep and wide rivers, where possibly the enemy has destroyed the bridges. It is extremely interesting to see a thousand four-legged recruits drawn up in a vast ring round the instructor, who opens the proceedings with a sharp shot from an army revolver. The animals are taught to gallop fearlessly up to a line or square of infantry who are blazing away with their rifles, of course loaded only with blank cartridges. Lastly comes a charge upon batteries of quick-firing cannon. It is worth noting that, when smokeless powder came into general use, it was found that thousands of horses which would face without flinching the smoke of guns using black powder balked and shied at the sinister flash and roar of cordite and melinite. There appears to be as much individuality among horses as among men. Some take the flash and report very quietly, and are passed on to more severe trials, while others rear and try to bolt in abject terror.—Circlo

Reason Named.

One day some Americans on a visit to Wales expressed a wish to see a certain old and historic church. The incumbent was only too pleased to show them round, especially as he believed it would end in a donation being given to his parochial funds. He is as proud of the school as he is of the church, and finished up by asking them in there also, and inviting them to question the scholars.

One of the party accepted the invitation.

"Can you tell me, little boy," said he to one lad, "who George Washington was?"

"Iss, surr," said he, "he was a 'Merryean gen'ral.'"

"Quite right," said the American. "And can you tell me what George Washington was remarkable for?"

"Iss, surr; 'e was remarkable 'cos 'e was a 'Merryean an' told the twelfth."

The American didn't question further.—Cassell's Journal.

The Personality of Labor.

The notion is quite too prevalent that the workingman is primarily an economic problem; that he ought to realize this and conduct himself with regular mechanical regularity and impersonal uniformity as a fractional unit of labor power. We shall never make any headway under that doctrine. The workingman is first of all a human being. The purchase of his labor is only in a limited sense to be compared to the purchase of a commodity, and cannot be treated in the same way. As Dr. Abbott has suggested, in the sale of sugar or flour the personal relation of mutual confidence need enter only once, at the time of the exchange; but where you are buying labor the laborer goes with the labor, and the personal relation of confidence and responsibility must be there all the time, from day to day and from week to week, or somebody is cheated. Therefore, whatever method of getting along together is adopted, it must count with personal qualitics as an essential part of the relation.—Hayes Robbins in June Atlantic.

This is how the Kansas editor goes after his delinquent subscribers:

Fish down, down in your pockets and dig up the dust: the editor is hungry and the paper 'bout to bust. We've trusted you for several months, and did it with a smile; so just return the compliment and trust us for a while. Our wife she needs some stockings and baby needs a dress; Jimmy needs some breeches, and hats for Kate and Bess; Pud is on the hog train, and Peggy's sick with grief, and good gosh almighty can't you give a man relief? Shell out those nickles and turn loose those dimes; turn 'em loose and whistle, and we'll have better times. There will be fewer patches on the bosom of our pants and we'd make the paper better had we but half a chance. Don't give us that old

story so long gone to seed, 'bout taking more family papers than the family wants to read; but help to feed the printer, and he will help our town to grow, and thus escape the sulphur in the region down below.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

G. W. Cloyd, a merchant of Plunk, Mo., had a narrow escape four years ago, when he ran a jimson bur into his thumb. He says: "The doctor wanted to amputate it but I would not consent. I bought a box of Bucklin's Arnica Salve and that cured the dangerous wound." 25c at S. F. Thurman's, Druggist.

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New Fish Law.

It shall be unlawful for any person or persons to take, catch or kill any fish in the waters of this State by means of any seine, gill net, fish trap, or any other kind of net, trap or device, by means other than by the ordinary hook and line, zig, spears or trot line. This section shall not apply to ponds or reservoirs wholly on the premises belonging to any person using such device; but use of seine and trammel net shall be allowed all residents in their own county to catch fish for their own family consumption during the months of June, August, September and November of each year. This section shall not apply to such lakes, ponds, sloughs and bayous as are formed by the overflow of the running streams within or bordering on this state and lying wholly on deeded land. Any person may use a seine not more than twenty feet in length, known as a minnow seine, for catching minnows to be used as bait only. Any person offending any of the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and subject to a fine of not less than \$50 nor more than \$100. Provided that the provisions of this act shall not apply to the netting setting or catching in any matter, or the selling, buying or shipping of fish of any description by bona fide residents of the State of Missouri, whenever such fish so bought, sold or shipped shall have been taken or caught from waters wholly the result of backwaters or overflow waters. The above law goes into effect June 16th, next.

FOR BROKEN-DOWN HORSES.

Red Acre Farm a Home Founded by a Young Woman.

One of the most notable of the semi-private humane establishments for the rescue of broken-down horses is known as Red Acre Farm, a charitable home for horses opened on May 8, 1903, at Stow, Mass., says Home Magazine. The farm is situated 22 miles from Boston, and consists of 87 acres of land, divided up into pasture land and paddocks, with a portion of it devoted to stables, office and hospital. Red Acre Farm was founded by a young woman, Miss H. C. Bird, who gave up to the use of the horse the home and grounds which she inherited from her father, and who devotes all her time and strength to succoring the horse. She daily oversees the conditions at the home and has the advice and support of well known humanitarians. The farm is kept up by contributions and the board of pensioners or horses put out to pasture during the summer by owners who want good care taken of them while out of town. Members of Red Acre Farm also pay a small annual fee of \$5, and philanthropists can endow a stall in the stables of Red Acre Farm for \$100, which the donor can keep filled by horses of his own choosing all the time. None of the active officers accept salaries, and all money coming into the farm is expended for the object of its inception.

Wrong Man.

While Dooly was holding court in Washington county, Georgia, a certain Gen. Hanson came in and sat down at the side of the judge, and began to tell him about the vast amounts of property he owned. "Stop just a moment, general," said Dooly. "Mr. Sheriff, call in Jones, the receiver of tax returns." In a few moments that worthy appeared. "Mr. Receiver," said the judge, "come up here and make an inventory of Gen. Hanson's property. He had mistaken me for you."—Sunday Magazine.

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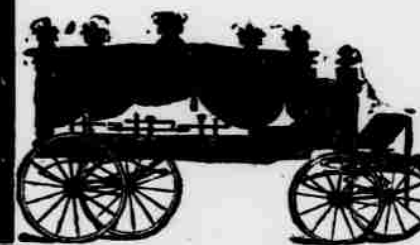
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